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SCHOOL AND SOCIAL DRAMA.

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PETS OF SOCIETY.

A FARCE.

BY

T. S. DENISON.

PRICE 15 CENTS.

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T. S. DENISON.

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PETS OF SOCIETY

A FARCE

BY

T. S. DENISON.

Author of Odds with the Enemy; Initiating a Granger; Wanted, a Correspondent; A Family Strike; Seth Greenback; Hans Von Smash; Borrowing Trouble; Two Ghosts in White; The Pull-Back; Country Justice; The Assessor; The Sparkling Cup; Louva the Pauper; Our Country; The School-Ma'am; The Kansas Immigrants; The Irish Linen Peddler; Is the Editor In? An Only Daughter; Hard Cider; Too much of a good Thing. Etc., Etc.



CHICAGO:

T. S. DENISON.

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CHARACTERS.

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MRS. DE BRUGH.
LILLIAN DE BRUGH.
SERAPHINA DE BRUGH.
MRS. VANDEWALTER.
MRS. WESTON.
WILHELMINA.
KATIE.

Time of representation, twenty-five minutes.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of the stage facing the audience; *C.* center; *L.* left; *R. D.* right door; *L. D.* left door, etc.; 1 *E.* first entrance; *U. E.* upper entrance, etc.; *D. F.* door in flat or scene running across the back of the stage; 1 *G.* first grove, etc.

SYNOPSIS.

Comparison of beaux. Pico's breakfast. Description of Mr. Vandewalter's *seven attitudes*. How proposals are made. Inside view of a call. The great grief. The dreadful missives from the beaux. New opportunities to shine, and consequent happiness.

PETS OF SOCIETY.

SCENE. — *Elegantly furnished drawing-room. Pictures, statuary, sofas, easy chairs, etc. Discovered seated as the curtain rises, LILLIAN and SERAPHINA DE BRUGH:*

Lillian. Sister, what a dreary day this has been.

Seraph. Oh, dear! it is so dreadfully long. It never will pass. I'll never rise early again as long as I live. Just think! I rose at eleven and breakfasted at ten minutes before twelve. I made my toilet in fifty minutes—only half the time I usually require. Hurry is another name for worry.

L. (Laughs.) Early rising will ruin your health, I fear, Seraphina. Why, I finished my breakfast at eleven, precisely. I rose at ten.

S. You are accustomed to early rising, Lillian. Your constitution is better. You know I never was strong. *(Languishes on sofa.)*

L. (Mockingly.) Poor thing! You've always been strong enough to attend every ball, and you haven't missed a party this winter.

S. Lillie, you little know how it taxes me, but I never will shrink from duty.

L. Well, if it's *duty* don't complain. We never should complain of duty. I go for the *pleasure*.

S. You always were a giddy, thoughtless thing.

L. Ah, sister be careful! No comparisons or reflections. But, really if society is wearing on you, why don't you try to get home a little earlier? I never can get you out of a ball room before three o'clock in the morning.

S. Now, Lillian, do be reasonable. You know the best people never leave before three.

L. Then don't complain if you consider such hours necessary. I wonder how Pico is this afternoon?

S. He was very ill last night. He was fevered and restless.

L. Poor fellow! I hope it is nothing serious. I must enquire for him at once. *(Rings bell.)*

S. I do hope his cold won't turn into pneumonia.

Enter KATIE, R.

Katie. Did you ring, young ladies?

L. Yes, Katie. How is Pico this afternoon?

Katie. Better, mum! (*Aside.*) The little baste.

L. Then bring him down to dinner. Get him a real nice tender beefsteak, milk and buttered toast.

Katie. (*Going, aside, R.*) It's little I care if he dies. (*Aloud.*) Yes'm I'll see to sending up his breakfast. (*Aside.*) I'll not bring it meself. That's not a lady's work.

L. Poor Pico!

S. Poor dear thing!

L. It's too bad that he should suffer so.

S. It's really cruel!

L. And he bears it all like a martyr.

S. I'm afraid he'll die. He's too good to live.

Enter WILHELMINA, R.

W. Here is te leetle toggie. (*Places poodle dog in a chair.*)

L. (*Taking up Pico, kisses his forehead.*) Sweet Pico! Are you better? Want your dinner?

S. Give him to me, Lillie. I must see him. (*Tries to take dog.*)

L. Seraphina, do go away. You always want to monopolize everything.

S. It is you who are selfish, sister. I will have Pico. Sweet Pico. Poor thing.

L. (*Pettishly.*) Then take him and keep him until you starve the poor, dear thing. Katie, get his dinner ready.

Katie. Please mum, an' I think that is not my place. Such work belongs in the kitchen.

S. Kitchen, indeed! You ought to be proud of waiting on Pico. Wilhelmina, get his dinner ready. The poor dear is hungry. (*Wilhelmina exits R, for dinner.*)

Katie. (*Aside.*) If it was meself I might wait till I starved.

L. I'm going to let Pico eat off this table. It's none too good for him.

S. Not a bit. He's an invalid now. (*They remove things from center table.*)

Enter WILHELMINA with a tray containing Pico's dinner.

L. Put it on the table, Mina. There, now take the cover off the toast. I'm afraid that steak is not rare enough for Pico. He likes it very rare.

S. Is the milk fresh?

W. I got te freshes dis mornin' milk.

L. Is the toast buttered nicely? Pico can't bear it too hard.

W. I butter him vair nicely.

Katie. (*Aside.*) An' I'll baste him.

S. Now, Pico, here's your dinner. Try a little toast and steak. (*Puts dog on the table.*) That's a good fellow, eat and get well. Mina, wait on him. Cut his steak. He don't like to chew it in large pieces.

Katie. (*Aside.*) I'd mince the puppy.

L. Did you put an extra cover on Pico's bed last night, Katie?

K. Yes'm.

S. See that he don't catch a fresh cold. Oh dear, if we should lose him.

L. Seraphina, don't talk so. The very thought of it makes me shudder. There, now, Wilhelmina, I think you had better take him back to his room. I'm afraid he'll eat too much. Katie, remove the things. Seraph, let's go into the green-house and see the plants. I'm tired moping here.

S. Good bye, Pico. (*They throw kisses to the dog. Exeunt, L.*)

Katie. Well, I'll ask for a character immediately. I won't wait on dogs. I'll starve first. (*Looking at the dog.*) Oh, you little baste! (*Shakes her finger at him.*) I'd like to wring your ugly little neck.

W. Oh, he's one innocent, little, nice doggie.

Katie. He is a little puppy. That's what he is. The idea that I should carry breakfast to a dog. I knows my place. My place is light chamber work. I think that the kitchen girls needn't mind lookin' after peedle dogs because they hasn't such a standin' to maintain.

W. *Standin'*! What is a standin' in English?

Katie. Them as hasn't it don't know.

W. Does it belong to te family? I don't mind te little dog. He is one nice little fellow.

Katie. It belongs to them and it belongs to me. It's *sthytle*.

W. Oh, is dat all! Pico has te style, too.

Katie. Och, an' he may have *hyderforby* this minnit.

W. Wat is te hyder—wat is it?

Katie. People that has education knows all about it? The little baste that has it goes mad, and froths and bites.

W. He has it not. He is not vair much sick. I will carry him and you will carry te dishes. De dishes haven't te hyder—wat is it?

Katie. *Hyderforby!*

Enter LILLIAN and SERAPHINA L.

L. Girls, are you still here? You must not delay your work. (*Exeunt. Girls R., rather hastily.*)

S. What an annoyance servants are.

L. It is dreadful! I wish we could get along without them.

S. But we can't, sister. You are always talking impossibilities. I wonder where Harley is this afternoon?

L. (*Snappishly.*) I don't know. I do wish you would quit talking abovt that boy. You know we never can expect any-

thing from him. I wish we had a real, nice brother.

S. Oh, wouldn't that be nice! One who would dress himself decently and attend us to parties. Harley is so selfish. To think he isn't willing to dress for a party. Says it is too much trouble. Why, he can dress in half an hour. I've often spent as much as four hours dressing for a ball.

L. And I've spent three many a time.

S. You are always in a hurry, Lillie.

L. I have no patience with Harley. I don't blame mother one bit for refusing him further supplies of money till he is willing to dress like a gentlemen. I thought I should die when he went to that party in a business suit.

S. I didn't get over the shock for a month.

L. And then he added insult to injury by appearing at the dinner table in his yachting suit, when Mrs. Silverstar and Miss Silverstar were visiting us, and poor mamma did so hope Harley would take a liking to Miss Silverstar. She has such lots of money.

S. It's very dreadful!

L. It's a shame! He told mamma, too, that Miss Silverstar wasn't his style of girl.

S. Harley don't try to please mamma a bit. The idea! As if money wasn't everything! I wish he had the manners of George Vandewalter.

L. Or of Harry Wharton.

S. Lillie, you think Harry is perfection. I think he is silly.

L. And you think Mr. Vandewalter is very brilliant. I say he is decidedly stupid.

S. Now, sister, don't be spiteful.

L. I won't, if you don't begin it.

S. You know George is always the center of attraction.

L. Yes, for those who like his style, and are pleased with poetry and all that sort of stuff. You know, too, that Harry is a splendid waltzer. And he knows how to hand an ice to a lady, and how to eat salads elegantly, and such exquisite taste—

S. For salads?

L. In neck-ties, and so graceful, and what a figure. There is a charm about his society—

S. There now, sister, that is quite sufficient. I know already that you are in love with him, so I'll not deny he has charms—for you.

L. Harry Wharton is rich, too.

S. Mr. Vandewalter has money enough to buy him. His charms do not depend on ices and salads and waltzing, though he can waltz superbly, and his bow is the most dignified and courtly I ever saw. He reminds me of—of—of—oh, dear! George told me who that was, and he was painting his own portrait all the while. Who *was* he?

L. Was he an Irishman, sister?

S. (*With toss of head.*) No!

L. Was he a Dutchman?

S. *Dutchman!* He was a real, nice gentleman. Some poet wrote about him. Anyway, Mr. Vandewalter looks like him. Lillie, it is perfectly bewitching to see George enter a room, and he has at least *seven different attitudes*.

L. Seven attitudes! What are they?

S. Three are for a standing position and four sitting.

L. Wonderful!

S. I will try to describe them, Lillie. But then, you know, language is wholly inadequate to express so much grace, so much poetry of motion, so much soul. First, there is the dignified erect position, head and shoulders back, oh! *so* commanding. Then there is the graceful bending of the body as the elbow rests on a chair back.

L. Your chair!

S. I confess it often is my chair. Then there is the captivating statuesque attitude of leaning against a casement. Oh, Lillian, did you ever notice George lean against a casement?

L. I think not, Seraphina.

S. Of course not; you have no taste for anything really artistic. Of his sitting attitudes, there is the elegant attitude, the careless attitude, the thoughtful attitude, etc.

L. I wasn't aware he ever assumed a *thoughtful* attitude.

S. Sister, I will overlook your insinuation. It is in very bad taste. You have no soul, no appreciation of the beautiful. Really, I can't begin to describe all his attitudes.

L. Please don't try, sister, there is one which I have never seen Mr. Vandewalter attempt to assume. It is a very striking one, and would, I think, be very beautiful.

S. He could assume it if he tried. What is it? I will mention it to him.

L. Standing on his head.

S. (*Sarcastically.*) Oh, it would take your elegant waltzer, Harry Wharton, to do that. By the way, have you induced him to propose yet?

L. No! He's awfully slow.

S. Perhaps he will not propose, at all. Mr. Vandewalter is sure to propose to me before a week. I feel it coming.

L. I'll wager my new necklace against yours that Harry proposes first. He is fluttering a little nearer all the time. I'll make him propose in fine style. It doesn't do to have the men think that one cares at all for a proposal.

S. I shouldn't think you did. Harry will be what number? Twenty?

L. I couldn't tell without consulting my note book. Isn't it funny, though, the way men will act. When Mr. Robinson proposed I really pitied him. He looked uneasy all evening, so I knew something was going to happen. At last he dropped on both knees and spread both hands out this way. (*She spreads her hands awkwardly.*) Then he tried to speak but couldn't say

a word. I told him to get up and lead me to the ball-room, and I'd always be his firm friend.

S. Pshaw! There is no romance in such a proposal. This is the way Mr. Vandewalter will propose. Lillie, take this chair and act the lady's part, and I will act the gentleman's. (*Lillian seated.*) He will first make an elegant bow, thus (*Bows.*) then he will sink gracefully on the right knee thus, and raise the hands in an eloquent appeal: "Lovely and angelic being"—

Enter KATIE R.

Oh, dear! (*Rises suddenly.*) How disagreeable to be interrupted! Katie, what do you want?

Katie. If you please, mum, the cook wants to know if you expect company for dinner.

S. Katie, I am positively vexed with you for interrupting us for orders in that way. Why did not you ask mamma?

Katie. She was gone driving before we thought to ask her.

L. Katie, we shall have no company for dinner. You may go at once, please.

Katie. (*Curtseys.*) Yes'm! (*Aside.*) Faith it's an odd time o' day for prayers. An' odd prayers. (*Exit R.*)

S. That girl seems to be my evil genius. She is always coming in unexpectedly.

L. And catches you doing some very absurd thing. I'm sorry she came, I wanted to hear the rest of that speech and to hear what the adorable angelic being would say in response.

S. (*Sentimentally.*) I should raise the gallant knight from the floor—after a proper amount of supplication—and make his heart glad with a sweet echo of his own feelings.

Enter MRS. DEBRUGH.

L. And fall into his arms.

Mrs. De B.—What's that? Whose arms are you going to fall into now?

S. Dear me, its ma!

Mrs. De B. And are you unwilling to have your ma overhear your private conversation, daughter?

S. Oh, no indeed! but then—but—possibly we say things that might not interest you.

Mrs. De B. But it does interest me. I dare say you were talking about some young scapegrace with a handsome face but without a penny.

S. No, indeed, ma! He is wealthy and—in short, everything. We were speaking of Mr. Vandewalter.

Mrs. De B. (*Pleased.*) That is quite a different affair. I have entire confidence in Mr. Vandewalter. I feared some fresh trouble,

L. Fresh trouble! What is the matter now, ma? You are not ill?

Mrs. De B. No, daughters, I am not ill. Give me time to collect myself. (*Sits herself.*)

S. (To Lillian.) What can be the matter? Something dreadful has happened, I know. Ma, please tell us at once. We can't bear the suspense. Something awful has happened. Is Pico dead?

Mrs. De B. No, my child, it is harder to bear than that.

L. Harley has been committing some new enormity. That boy will drive us all out of society if he persists in dressing and acting like a savage.

Mrs. De B. Your brother's conduct was hard to bear, but new trouble makes it seem light.

L. I know it must be so! What else can it be. The parrot has lost her voice again and she'll never recover.

Mrs. De B. (A little sharply.) The parrot is quite well. I will tell you all if you'll only give me time.

S. Oh, ma! please don't keep us in suspense. The worst has happened. I will try to bear it. Something has happened to the canary?

Mrs. De B. No! Give me time to breathe!

S. Then it is something that has befallen George.

L. Or Harry! Do tell us.

Mrs. De B. Poor things! You can't go to Mrs. General Flasco's ball!

L. and S. Can't go!

Mrs. De B. No! You can't get dresses. The milliners are so busy they refuse to take any more orders for that occasion. They are working day and night.

S. This is dreadful!

L. Ma, if we miss that we might as well retire from society for the season.

Mrs. De B. I know it, Lillie dearest, but you have nothing to wear, and it is too late now to send to Paris as we did last year.

L. Did you try them all, ma? You know Mrs. De Fringe almost took our order last week.

Mrs. De B. Oh, if we had only given it! I tried them all. You are aware, daughter, that there are but three in town that could possibly fill the requirements. They all said the same. Mrs. De Fringe says there never was such a rush for the most exquisite toilets. The orders were given very early.

S. (Petulantly.) I wanted to give ours early.

Mrs. De B. You know, Seraphina, that by waiting we could find out what others got and excel them.

L. And we had set our hearts upon it so much. We *must* go. Harry will expect to take me to supper.

S. And Mr. Vandewalter will think we are unable to maintain our position, and it may lead to misunderstandings.

L. I wish General Flasco wouldn't consent to give the ball.

Mrs. De B. Oh, he has already announced it. He intends to run for governor next year, and this ball is really the beginning of the campaign.

L. It's perfectly dreadful!

S. It's really awful!

Enter KATIE, with a card on card receiver,

Katie. (*To Mrs. De B.*) The lady is below, shall I show her up?

Mrs. De B. (*Reads on card.*) Mrs. Weston! (*Aside to girls.*) Here is that Mrs. Weston calling again. She ought to know I only called on her because we are both on the Committee of Local Charities in our church.

L. I'd cut her at once.

S. Say "not at home."

Mrs. De B. No! she saw me drive past. I'll not return her call.

Katie. What shall I say, mum?

Mrs. De B. Show the lady up, Katie.

Katie. (*Curtseys.*) Yes'm.

Mrs. De B. Daughters, do not be too friendly. A dignified reserve is proper under the circumstances.

Enter KATIE, showing in MRS. WESTON.

Mrs. De B. Good afternoon, Mrs. Weston. How do you do?

Mrs. W. I'm very well, thank you. Good afternoon, Miss De Brugh and Miss Lillian. How charming your daughters look, Mrs. De Brugh.

Mrs. De B. Thank you, Mrs. Weston.

S. You flatter us, Mrs. Weston.

Mrs. De B. Be seated. (*Mrs. De B. and Mrs. W. seated, C.*)

L. (*Aside to Seraphina, R.*) She has very good taste, anyway.

S. But no money. It's such a pity.

Mrs. W. It was such a delightful afternoon I thought I would return your call.

Mrs. De B. How kind of you to return it *so soon*.

Mrs. W. I met the young ladies driving day before yesterday. I think (*to girls*) you did not recognize me though.

S. No, we did not recognize you.

Mrs. W. How strange! I signalled to you with my parasol.

S. Oh, it is very difficult to recognize people *on foot* when one is in a carriage. We seldom stop to speak with any one.

Mrs. De B. Most people don't expect to be recognized.

Mrs. W. Mr. Weston is going to buy a handsome new carriage.

Mrs. De B. New carriages are very nice for people who can afford them.

L. (*Aside.*) She's trying to make believe they have money.

Mrs. W. I shall have to drive alone mostly. Husband is so busy making investments. He is going to build a residence at last.

Mrs. De B. A residence!

Mrs. W. Yes, Mr. Weston was very fortunate in his Colorado investments. He has just disposed of his interests there for over

a quarter million, and now we are going to sit down and enjoy life. Mrs. De Brugh.

Mrs. De B. (Suddenly becomes very affable.) Why, how fortunate you are, Mrs. Weston. Allow me to congratulate you.

S. And we must congratulate ourselves on having Mrs. Weston, as our friend.

L. Why, how negligent we have been ma! Mrs. Weston, let me take your shawl and bonnet. (*Rings for Kate.*)

Mrs. W. (Removing them.) Thank you!

Mrs. De B. Pardon me, Mrs. Weston, I really was too forgetful.

Enter KATIE, L.

Here, Katie, take care of Mrs. Weston's things.

Katie. Yes'm. (*Curtseys. Exit, L.*)

Mrs. De B. Now do tell us all about your new house. We shall be so much interested. I hope you will be near us.

Mrs. W. Mr. Weston has secured beautiful grounds at the corner of Grand Avenue and Ruby Place.

L. What a delightful location!

S. In full view of the Park!

L. And among very good people!

Mrs. De B. I really envy you, Mrs. Weston.

Mrs. W. We design building a fashionable house throughout, latest style.

S. How lovely it will be. I almost wish our old mansion would burn down so we could build another. It's so old. Just think! it was built during the war.

Mrs. De B. Daughter, that wish would be almost a sin if your motives were not so good.

L. We shall be so glad to get better acquainted with you this season. Your name is among the very first on the list for my birthday party. (*Reads from tiny memorandum book.*) Mrs. James, Mrs. Hollister, Miss Kite, Mrs. Weston—

S. (Warningly.) Sister! (*Aside.*) That is the list to be "cut."

Mrs. W. It was very kind of you to think of me among the first.

L. (Laughs.) Oh, not at all! (*Aside to Seraphina.*) She don't know the difference.

Mrs. W. I think I must be going. Ladies, don't put off coming to see me too long.

Mrs. De B. We shall be only too happy to call on you soon. But can't you wait and dine with us?

Mrs. W. No, thank you. I promised my husband I would be home for dinner. (*She is accompanied to the door, L, by the ladies; Mrs. De B and Seraph. go out L.*)

Enter WILHELMINA, R.

W. Miss Leelleean, wat moost I geef leetle Pico for his supper?

L. Oh, I entirely forgot poor Pico. I must consult sister and mamma before I decide. (*Exit, L.*)

KATIE enters L, with card on tray.

Katie. Are you still worryin' over that little baste of a dog?

W. Te little toggie is not at all a beast. Katie, in Norway we treat so good as the de children te little toggies.

Katie. In Ameriky they treat them better than the children. What do you want for him, now?

W. I will get his supper.

Katie. Do you know what I'd get him?

W. Toast and te chicken.

Katie. I'd give him toast and chicken. I'd spread the toast and stuff the chicken.

W. What would you stuff in te chicken?

Katie. I'd (*in low tone*) stuff the chicken with *strychnine*, and for a bit o' variety, I'd spread the toast with *arsenic*.

W. (*Solemnly.*) You would be a sinner.

Enter the ladies, L.

L. Wilhelmina, you must give poor Pico a very light diet while he is convalescent. For his supper he must have nothing but two poached eggs, very soft, and sweet cream.

W. Yes, maam! (*Curtseys and exits R.*)

Katie. (*Aside.*) There'd be some sense in keepin' a bit of a pig. (*Aloud, coming forward.*) A card, mum.

Mrs. De B. (*Takes card.*) "Mrs. Vandewalter." Show her up at once, Katie.

Katie. (*Courtseys.*) Yes'm. (*Exit L.*)

S. It's George's mother. She always has something to say about George. Oh, I'm all in a flutter.

L. Don't be excited, sister. You are very absurd.

S. (*Poutingly.*) And you are very heartless.

KATIE shows in MRS. VANDEWALTER, L.

Mrs. De B. My dear Mrs. Vandewalter, you don't know how glad we are to see you. (*Kisses her.*)

S. Oh, so glad! (*Kisses her very affectionately.*)

L. How are you Mrs. Vandewalter? (*Kisses her without demonstration.*)

Mrs. V. Really you overpower me with profusion of welcome.

Mrs. De B. How are all your family?

Mrs. V. They are all well, thank you.

L. Of course George is well? (*Glances at Seraphina.*)

Mrs. V. George is quite well.

S. (*Aside.*) Sister, that was real mean.

Mrs. B. Has George given up his idea of West India speculation?

Mrs. V. I am afraid not. I have tried every means to pre-

vent his leaving home on any pretext.

Mrs. De B. Young men often become restive under home restraints.

Mrs. V. I have been hoping that George would settle down. He seems too undecided.

L. (Aside.) Seraphina, can't you bring him to a decision?

S. (Aside.) Do stop!

Mrs. De B. It is best for young men to be settled in life. Harley has proved so recreant to his training that I feel distrustful of the position of a young man till he is settled.

Mrs. V. Perhaps Harley may be all right in time.

Mrs. De B. I see no hope. Since he appeared at the dinner table in a yatching suit when company was present I'm in despair.

Mrs. V. That was unfortunate, indeed.

Mrs. De B. It was humiliating in the extreme.

L. Since that I have cut the acquaintance of Mr. George Harley.

Enter KATIE with letters, L.

Katie. The carrier has been here, mum. (*Curtseys and exits, L.*)

Mrs. De B. Three letters; one for me and one for each of you, daughters. (*The young ladies eagerly take the notes and move apart to read them.*)

S. (Aside.) It is from George. That means the opera and a supper at Del Farino's. (*Tears open note.*)

L. (Aside.) From Harry I declare. That means a moonlight drive and oysters and champagne.

S. (Screams.) Oh dear! It is terrible! I shall die! I know I shall.

Mrs. De B. What is the matter, dear? Has your brother Harley—?

S. Worse than that, ma.

Mrs. V. Seraphina, you are ill. What has happened? Won't you tell me? (*L. drops her note and stamps it.*)

Mrs. De B. Lillian, what is the matter?

L. I sha'n't tell.

S. Give me time. I am quite overcome.

Mrs. De B. Poor child!

S. It is from George.

Mrs. V. From George! Has anything happened to George?

L. (Paces the floor angrily.) I don't care!

S. It is worse than if something had happened. He has gone to the West Indies and asks me to forget him. Let me die. I am done with this world.

L. Seraphina, don't be a fool. Let them go. They're a couple of dunces, anyway.

Mrs. V. Mrs. De Brugh, this is very unexpected. I did hope better things of that boy.

Mrs. De B. You can't rely on young men now-a-days. I can appreciate your feelings after suffering what I have at the hands of Harley. (*Girls talk aside.*)

Mrs. V. It is so sudden, but I'll prevent the execution of his mad scheme yet if possible. I fear reason will do little good. He has a will of his own.

S. And so have I. Tell Mr. George Vandewalter I will take him at his word and forget him.

L. Bravo! Seraphina.

Mrs. De B. Seraphina, you must not speak hastily. (*To Mrs. V.*) This only adds to the difficulty. If you can answer for George I'll answer for Seraphina.

Mrs. V. I shall make every effort and begin at once. So good afternoon Mrs. De Brugh and young ladies.

Mrs. De B. (*Aside to Mrs. V.*) A word with you Mrs. Vandewalter! (*Exeunt conversing in low tone, L.*)

S. (*Sobs.*) I shall never see George again.

L. Seraphina, have you no pride.

S. Yes, Lillian, plenty of it. That's why I liked George.

L. Then for the same reason let him go. I always thought he was a fool.

S. Indeed! Pray what do you think of Mr. Harry Wharton the superb waltzer?

L. What do I care for Harry Wharton?

S. What did he say?

L. Not much! (*Reads.*) "Dear Lillian—I have been thinking much lately concerning that ball. Kids, bouquets, and other necessities of life are very high this season; so I start for California to-night. Ta! ta! love. Yours, Harry."

S. Did ever any one hear so much impudence?

Enter Mrs. De B., L.

Kids high! He is very poor or very stingy. Humph! (*With disdain.*)

L. Sister, will George take all his large stock of killing attitudes to the West Indies?

S. Lillian, you are really too mean!

Mrs. De B. Daughters, this wrangling does not become young ladies, of the bon ton. Leave that to the common people. Trust to me and all will be well. Why, I forget to read my note. (*Opens note, reads, with surprise.*) My dears, this will repay us for all the vexation and disappointment of the day. It is almost too good to be true.

L. What is the news, ma?

Mrs. De B. De Fringe can make your dresses. A large order has been withdrawn and we are next on the list. The ladies giving the order are going to Europe unexpectedly. Mrs. De Fringe can, in consequence, give us something superb.

S. Splendid!

Mrs. De B. You shall be the queens of the evening.

L. (*Aside.*) How stupid of Harry to leave so soon.

S. Ma, this—this—(*Hesitates.*)

Mrs. De B. What is it my dear? Speak out.

S. This unfortunate affair will make a little extra effort necessary on our part.

L. We must have everything money will command. Prestige is everything. There will be ever so many nice young men there.

Mrs. De B. Nothing shall be spared. You must eclipse them all, and make new conquests. Admirers will fall at your feet. They can't resist the charms of two such peerless PETS OF SOCIETY.

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